

LUCAS M. FRANCO
PORTFOLIO

RE-EDITING “BEHIND THE STATE CAPITOL”



For this project, the assignment was to re-imagine an obscure collection of poems by queer author John Wieners.

I chose to focus on the author's gender identity, bringing only poems relating to his relationship with femininity.

21 × 30CM

COVER PRINTED IN SILK SCREEN,
INSIDE PRINTED ON RISOGRAPH;
FRENCH LINK STITCH BINDING

2023

BEHIND THE STATE CAPITOL: OR CINCINNATI PIKE, BY JOHN WIENERS

BE SIDE HER

The beauty of this Wednesday Two days after Labor Day, when the Blessed Virgin visited my home last year and last evening her Royal Infanta, loyal Spain, what cities unknown there BARCELONA Copenhagen Venezueala entrance OUR present and Quo Vadis; upon the MOON, a genuine circumvention that she lives on, as with GRAHAM GREENE's third, the dead man.

Principotentate Dante Upon Virgil; Sweet Watching Appearing VIRGON of Beatrice

BESIDE HER

The beauty of this Wednesday two days after Labor Day when the Blessed Virgin visited my home last year and last evening

BESIDE HER

The beauty of this Wednesday two days after Labor Day when Saint Bernadette's Blessed Virgin visited my home last year and last evening Her Royal Infanta, loyal SPain, what cities unknown there, as your Barcelona Copenhagen, Venezueala entrance our present and QUO VADIS; upon the prodigal July MOON, a genuine circumvention that she lives on, as another third to Graham GREENE's dead man.



CINEMA DECOUPAGES; VERSES, ABBREVIATED PROSE INSIGHTS



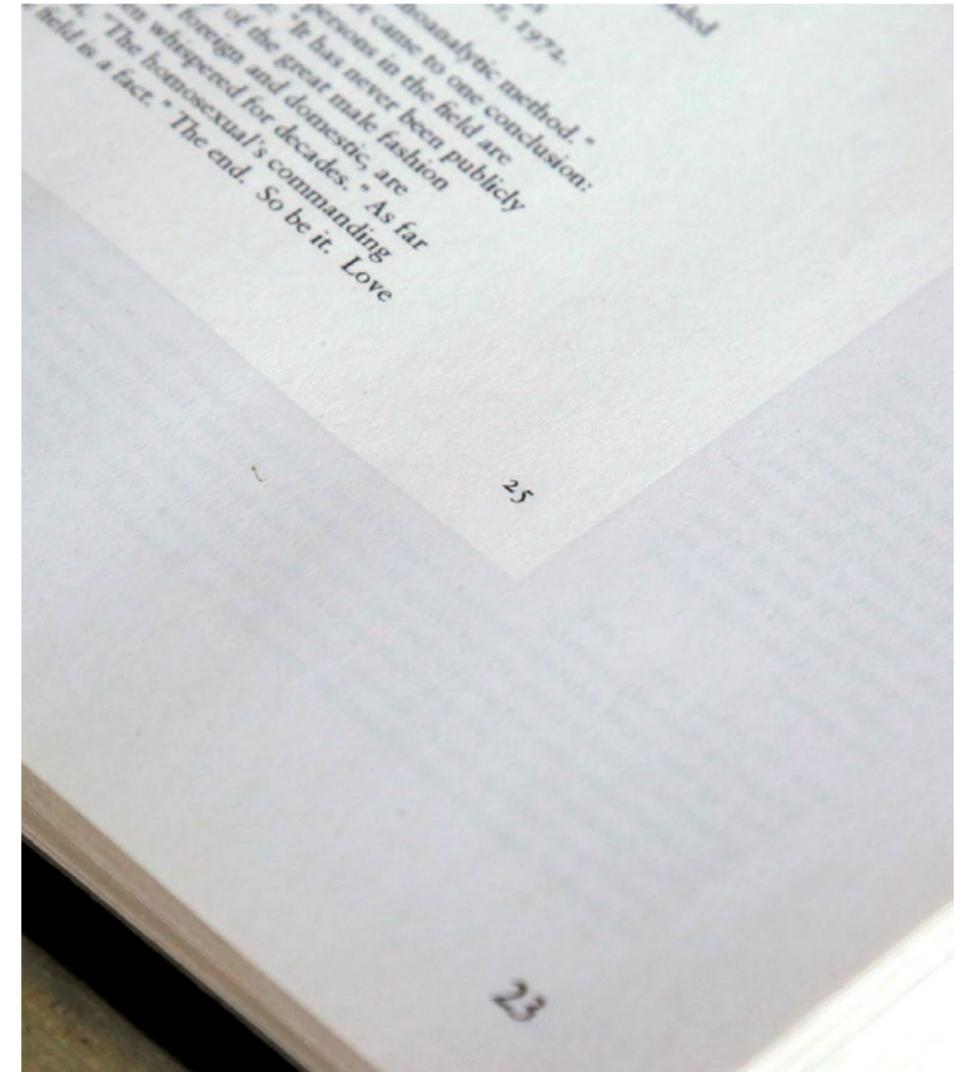
DANTE SWEETING WATCHING UPON VIRGIN APPEARANCES APPEARANCES OF VIRGIL'S BEATRICE:

DANTE SWEETING WATCHING UPON VIRGIN APPEARANCES OF VIRGIL'S BEATRICE:

Your visitation in contradiction *au dormir* salutes sepulchral recollection as commentation over suspension's congress before dark vision unwinds its misdirectioned labyrinth, a heightened perforation among perpetuated adoration, as tenuous tallovs sun before cloaked approach, without reproach your single touch allows amount of subterfuge to glow forthrightly investured porch the past ingrained power as imagined laved tiered scaramouch appears affront the citadel; perhaps a muzzin or farouche.

Dante Uppon Virgil: Watching Sweeting Virgin Appearances of Beatrice.

Baring deception, to unmask truth, surrender passion for rebuff oh no, as error immerse detection bleats plantiff your tartuffe.



As this was a re-edition and expansion of an already-published book, I printed the original book's contour with white Riso ink, and added annotations on the margins.

'A GAY PRESENCE' BY DAVID GRUNDY

starting pay 1.53 per
hour
[...]
she and some co-workers
today more than ever in US
history
(‘Line Corrections’)³³
And Wieners:

[...] LET IT BE SAID

goldberg Mellons
Make M o n e y, without reason, though attenuation begets
square dollar
c R UST.
(‘Aila’s LAsT WILL and TESTAMENT’)³⁴

In both cases, attention is drawn to the material fact of typesetting itself. Wieners deconstructs names so that readers pay attention to the social construction of (and performed by) language, linking the death of the immensely wealthy heiress Ailsa Mellon Bruce to capitalist exploitation more generally. The poem is preoccupied with the letter of the law – the language that enables the ‘will’ of the wealthy while denying that of the poor – while ‘testament’ recalls the class character of testifying under compulsion (from the Lavender Scare and McCarthyism to the police station and the asylum). For her part, Brodine emphasises both the character of labour described in the interview and the (gendered, racialised and classed) labour of typesetting that must be done to the transcript itself. This is a queered materialism, as both writers denaturalise the processes of labour, language, publication and revision that too often go unremarked.

Of course, such work rarely conforms to the standards of bosses, critics or heterosexuals. What Shively calls ‘the intense scrutiny of the poetry police’ is anticipated in *State Capitol* itself. Wieners ventriloquises:

Get him out of my head, now they quote
he’s a GREAt poet, put him back to hbed.
Get rid of him.³⁵

In July 1982, the run-down office building shared by *Fag Rag*, *Gay Community News* and the Good Gay Poets was firebombed by a group of laid-off firemen and policemen who had set a number of arson attacks in the city, ‘protesting’ cuts to the emergency services. On witnessing the fire, Shively, Bronski and others suspected a hate crime relating to a recent demonstration calling for the abolition of the city vice squad, in conjunction with real estate developers seeking to ‘redevelop’ the area. Given the frequent homophobic attacks on the offices – in Shively’s words, ‘mysterious break-ins, bullet holes, phone threats of death and fire so frequent, soon our back windows were totally gone, replaced by aluminium and then iron bows intended to keep out the storms’ – such fears were entirely reasonable (and worked in favour of both

PUBLICATION AND REVISION IN JOHN WIENER’S BTSC

police and real estate, whatever the culprits’ immediate motivations).³⁶ All but a few hundred of the remaining copies of *State Capitol* were destroyed in the fire, an event Shively would later interpret in the pages of *Gay Sunshine* as the book’s ‘definitive exegesis’: ‘Here was revealed the void, the ashes, the destruction, the devastation. John Wieners had lived it first in his mind, in his poems, in his body.’³⁷ For Shively, the very real violence faced by the book’s publishers is of a piece with the violence of erasure and dismissal afforded *Behind the State Capitol* and Wieners’ later work in general. This chapter will now examine how such violence suffuses both the book itself and its critical reception through Wieners’ gender identity and his experience of incarceration within mental health institutions.

‘AS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD’: NAMING, PERFORMANCE AND GENDER AS REVISION³⁸

To the conservatives and bigots, the state psychiatrists, the entrapment police, these gender switches must seem like ultimate perversions.
(Robert Peters)³⁹

Throughout *Behind the State Capitol*, Wieners celebrates and performs ‘as’ female celebrities, first ladies, heiresses and film stars such as Lana Turner, Greta Garbo, Billie Holiday, Marlene Dietrich, Barbara Hutton, Ailsa Mellon Bruce and, perhaps above all, Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis (‘READ [...] to 400 listeners by The Voice of Greta Garbo, 1974 / P L A Z A’).⁴⁰ Revision here reads as the re-vision (re-seeing) of gender identity, whether in the book’s visual collages, or in the way the texts themselves juxtapose different voices through experimental typography, elaborate puns and verbal free association. The femme identifications of Wieners’ work post-1969, in particular, are only now being acknowledged as ‘proto-trans’.⁴¹ Yet within those queer communities that offered the few extant contemporary responses to such work, such identities were already understood, explored and expressed. This was because publications like *Gay Sunshine* and *Fag Rag* took full advantage of the post-Stonewall liberation of sexual and gender identification, exploring in visuals and words ‘genderfuck’, drag and trans identities. Robert Peters’ 1976 ‘The poet as drag “Queen”’, an early review of *State Capitol*, explores the full range of Wieners’ female voicings, from ‘high camp’ performances which display their own artifice (such as an ‘imaginary interview’ between Simone de Beauvoir and ‘Great’ Garbo) to ‘genderfuck’ manifestations such as the impersonation of Billie Holiday in ‘Gardenias’.⁴² As Peters writes, ‘not only is [Wieners] homosexual [...] but unlike most gays (contrary to the clichés) he feels more female than he does male’.⁴³ Likewise, Shively’s ‘What happened to the mind of John Wieners?’, published in *Gay Sunshine* in 1977, responds to the pathologisation of Wieners and his work partially through noting its gender non-conformity. De-essentialising gender, Shively notes Wieners’ rejection of the ‘callus [sic] male principle’, preventing feelings of love and affection, and encountered in Wieners’ unrequited crushes or affairs with closeted, married ‘heterosexual’ men, and focus on qualities associated with the feminine, including Marian devotion and the figure of the mother. For Shively: ‘The woman-identified

³⁶ Shively, ‘Sequins and switch-hades’, 30.

³⁷ *Ibid.*, 33.

³⁸ Title of an uncollected poem published in *Fag Rag/Gay Sunshine: Stonewall 50th Anniversary Issue*, 25, summer 1974.

³⁹ Robert Peters, ‘The poet as drag “Queen”’, *Mirage: John Wieners Issue*, 75-7 (77).

⁴⁰ ‘To the had debe’, BTSC, 98.

⁴¹ See Trace Peterson and T.C. Tibbert, *Trampling the Line: Trans and Genderqueer Poetry and Politics* (New York: Nightboat Books, 2013), 21. See also Nat Raha, ‘Queer labour in Boston: the work of John Wieners, gay liberation and Fag Rag’, in *Poetry and Work: Work in Modern and Contemporary Anglophone Poetry*, eds. Jo Lindsay Walton and Ed Lukers (London: Palgrave Macmillan, 2019), 195-243. Wieners can be read as a trans identity, retaining masculine pronouns.

⁴² BTSC, 168-70 (62).

⁴³ Peters, ‘The poet as drag “Queen”’, 76.

38 Queen Marie Jose at Logan, by candlelight,
the pearl of a Parisien tone

MARLENE DIETRICH

116 [Image]

156 WHILE MISS MARLENE DIETRICH WAS SINGING

MATA HARI

7 Mata Hari was three women un
questiond . And her name wasn’t faith,
hope or charity. Nor a good neighbor policy toward virtue.

8 For our more future, as parched imbecilic Mata Hari,
beloved up
To barefoot high chieftains of Salerno, not cobblestone
dob-individual

10 [Image]

11 UPON MATA HARI PAUL

MOTHER

17 I’ve had a cross to bear, for
thirty-five years, my mother’s cursed bane equally alleged.

You think I’m normal, they do a lot of things to my mind.
She mentions her mother, who I was.

21 Float electrified currency city headline,
a mother’s memory should ax pier slaughter,
together on 10th Avenue twin Caroline star routine
as good as tomorrow’s edition in gold Jenifer.

35 1907, My Mother was born, I am witness t-
o the exasperation of gallant human beings at g-
od, priestly fathers and Her Highness, Holy Mother the Church
persons who felt they were never given a chance, had n-
o luck and were flayed at suffering.

36 Oh, now, my own poor, good Mother, do not make me ill now.

finding out who
you were, who your mother was, my Father;
as blackness shades sacred pre-matin, the color of darkness,
Caesarean
born out of redemption: continue the strength, wisdom implied
by
do not leave
off though duty calls, an attention

Do not abort mine, in exasperation rather furt-
her these first, few short obsequies to your death,
your life; first You worshipped a good
Appearance so - by The bars, in the sunlight
with the motors grinding, it could be
Milton Hill, over a pond,
Gardner’s Coal
where you met Pa,? in The mill out of what fated circumstances
melodic laughter of absent
women, egging you on; oh Mother separate from
forgiveness without predilection for incest
I would never be separate from your flesh, though do not
tag it for after death Know I am your own

BEHIND THE STATE CAPITOL: OR CINCINNATI PIKE, BY JOHN WIENERS

A SHORT MEMORY OF 1957-1958

My memories, from 222 Bowery, Manhattan, of Commissar in a single apartment dwell centrally upon mainly visual awareness, the purity of sanitation to a west as holiness upon heaven from the north. I have been ensconced as a wealthier potentate without agreement, or abject yipping before expansion by a concerned dowry that yields dutifully composite requirements each week, without painful pressure from coercion. At liberty to incorporate my own needs as a docile terrain, deferring minimum expense and disproving exaggerated publicity although indebted imaginatively to these outlets, I gather the reins together for examination towards personal stylized exploitation. Staying in New York, infrequently, since 1963, after nearly a two year residence, a million dollar baby, or picky Cedar Poke, had fur coat on one half of a million schmackers tabbed outlay. The accountants, Fifth Street former front offices, broker analysts pavillion dispusselay, run over her landscape architect, gearshifted. Banktellers broadwayad, businessformed array. No longer in tooled victimization and attending radius of *The Great Lakes* 4 & 1/2 the decade thereafter, mainly both seasons, summer, winter, autumn and spring, explicitly up to these Seventies: only recently in fortune to assess this renewed town of my birth, along with my own harboring statement retrued without aid of external visions or traumas.

Pausing to glance at two tomes, research-bent to uncover my or any clues to identity, chancing afront lightly *The Unofficial Palace of New York* could hold a perhaps snapshot, no; or a souvenir recognito edition afforded Mission by way o' Oscar Lewis' to Metropolis I was born Colorado gold-mine, despite Colorado gold-mine, despite daily assurances such places do exist, the mind's enemies would have us deny that structures esp. The Astor do take place, Grant Ave was known Dupont, and St. Mary's at the corner of Grant and still California, perusing legends I believe William OBrien wishes to call Bill as he feels should be spoken at a certain moment for instance, last evening out of a dream. We were together through that Russian summit meeting.

Travelling to San Francisco was one of the great adventuresome earlier credited of a decade and a half ago. Being blackmailed by The Book Clearing House and The Harvard University Bookstore, Phillips, etc., I yearned to abjure the straitness of an indebted Puritan 'aristocaracy' and motored via Penn State and New York Central through the Southwest.

Two years in the Town after our Desoto nearly got re-possessed from the now Defunct Cadillac-Olds Sales on

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CINEMA DECOUPAGES; VERSES, ABBREVIATED PROSE INSIGHTS

Comm. Ave. over by the Upper Charles, not Constance Towers with her house-dicks, red Guest room attendance FF, stopping over in Detroit, Illinois' Chi & the Southwest Mojave for a getting-acquainted exposure, since we, or rather he had bought a convertible Ascot, to the heart-throbs of a boyish imagination.



185

“A VASE WAS JUST A VASE UNTIL IT BECAME AN ARTIFACT”



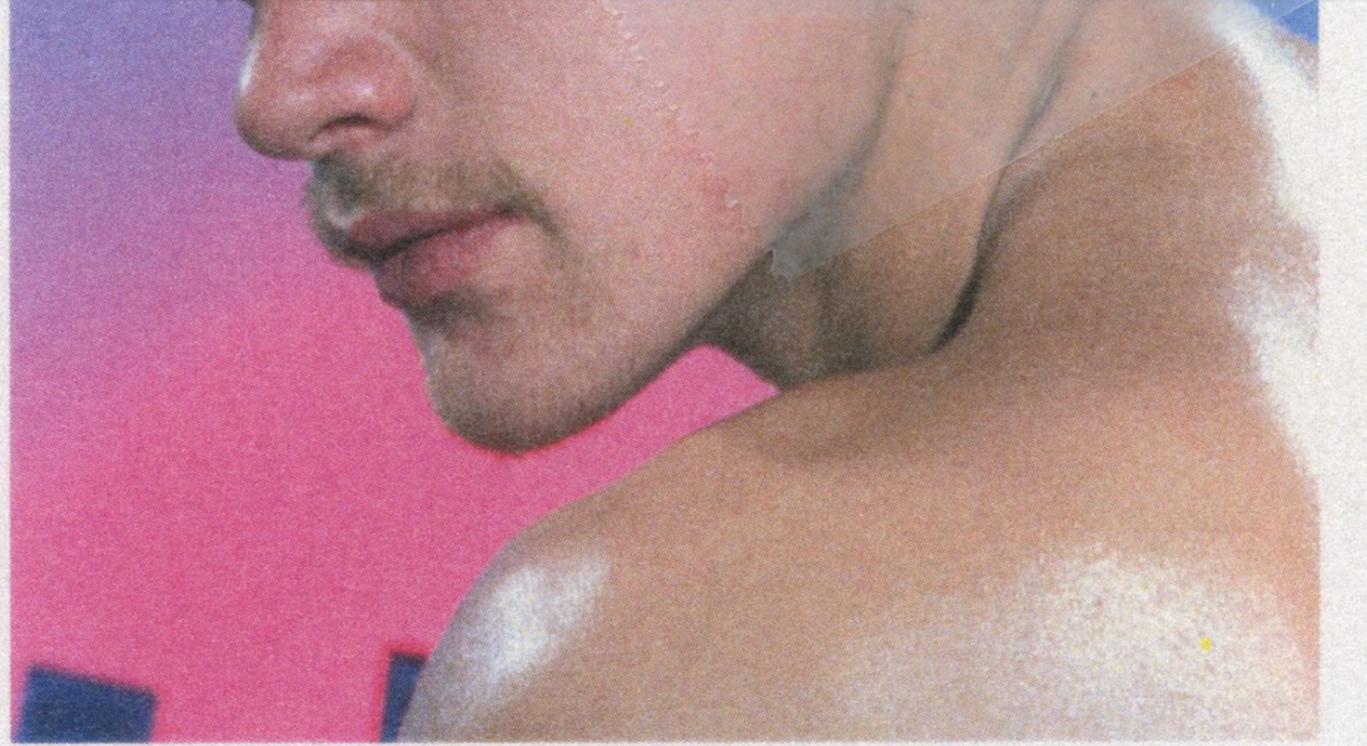
In this project, I explored the concept of a queer artefact; an allegory for a piece of history that resists and survives the test of time, but remains on the underground, almost forgotten, waiting to be unearthed.

29,7 × 42CM
SCANNED COLLAGES PRINTED
ON 50G. PAPER

2024









ARTWORK FOR “THROUGH SOUNDS” LECTURE SERIES



Image made for a series of lectures for the Nieuwe Instituut. “Through Sounds” explored the relationship between sound, digital networks, and identity.

DIGITAL
SCANNED COLLAGES PRINTED
IN RISOGRAPH

2025





stituut x fé: re and Design riname

0th Independence Day, we
ening focusing on the past,
nd highlight the country's rich
ign culture and cuisine.



12 November 2025

Zoöp Connections: Residencies, Regeneration and Cultural Relations

Meet some of the Zoöp Connections residents:
artists and thinkers who offer alternative
perspectives on the world, focusing on more-than-
human life.



6 November 2025

-1 Encounters Through Sounds: Between off/online

In collaboration with -1 Digital Lab, Nieuwe
Instituut researcher Federica Notari invites
Angelina Nonaj to co-curate an evening program
exploring the relationship between sound, digital
networks, and identity.

DESIGNING “WHEN I BRING SALT TO THE TABLE”

WHEN I BRING SALT TO THE TABLE

A RECIPE FOR CONSERVING CULTURES

For the design of a friend’s graduation thesis, I played around with the transparencies of the pages to tell the story of salt, along with a cover with real sea salt crystalized within the fibers of the cover paper.

13×20CM

COVER IN CRYSTALIZED SALT,
INSIDE PRINTED IN LASER PRINTING;
JAPANESE STICH BINDING

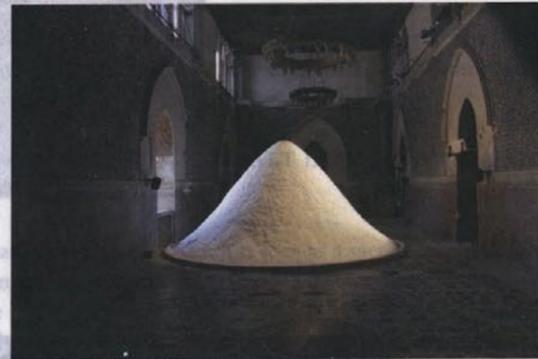
2023

WHEN I BRING SALT TO THE TABLE

A RECIPE FOR CONSERVING CULTURES

Isabel Pereira

The... production.
With... Westerners place on the table.
Trad... through fermentation. Cheaper variants are
often... results in a faster production but an end product
lacking... The typical collaboration began when Moon
reconnected with... woman who travelled from Korea to Ghent to
learn the practice... candy production in Belgium. The
outcome of this... first and probably last candy of this
sort... candy made with Moon's 15-year-old
fermented...



[7]

In Italian culture, ...
in the story written ...
ers not only its use ...
con... on a person and in
bre... and bad luck that
the...
from which... water, at least
the... performer then dips
them... If the fallen drops
rem... split into many
small droplets it means someone gave you the...
[8]

To break such spell, the following words need to be spoken while dropping
salt in four points of the plate forming a transparent cross: "Father, Son and
the Holy Spirit". The performer then touches with their oil covered fingertips
the salt next to them. They touch upon the victim's forehead and speaking
following lines:

*Occhio malocchio pigghiata d'occhio
nese u malocchio e trase u bonocchio*

[FIGURE 7] Soul of Salt, Manifesta 12, Palermo

*Sinni va pa so via
cu Gesù, Giuseppe e Maria.*

When finished with this ritual it is crucial to get rid of the water. It is in
everyone's best interest to throw it as far as possible from home, to not have
the *malocchio* finding its way back to you. To make sure the spell is properly
broken one recites:

*Acqua e sale pi li mari
acqua e sale pi cu ni vole male*¹³

The artist Patricia Kaersenhout is another notable example of using salt as
a form of ritual. For the exhibition Manifesta 12 in Palermo, the artist had
placed a mountain of 8,000 kilograms of salt in the middle of a room, then
young refugees sang 19th century slave songs while a *Winti Priest*¹⁴ blessed
the salt. Spectators could then carry the salt with them and dissolve it in
water at home. Her comment towards the artwork: "The sea salt refers to the
salt which enslaved people refrained from eating so they could fly back to Africa.
But it also stands symbol for mental and physical liberation. It refers to slaves
crossing the salt water of the Atlantic Ocean on their way to plantations. It's the
salt of all the tears shed during slavery and colonialism."¹⁵

Patricia Kaersenhout uses salt as a remedy for healing to release the pain of
the past.

Through the previous examples given, salt resurfaces not only as an
ingredient on the table but is also used in mourning, in removing the bad, and
celebrating the small moments in life. Whether one does so intentionally or
unintentionally, it is shown how these small grains play a big role in across
different cultures and generations.

[14] Afro-Surinamese priest. The religion Winti originated in Suriname.

BETWEEN WORLDS OF BRINE

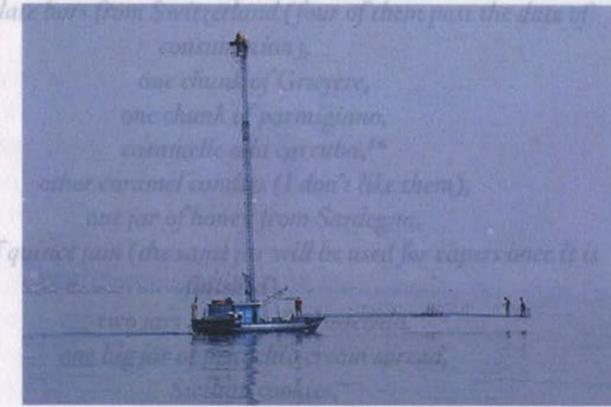
I was awaiting a package from my mother. Brown and heavy, inside full of little treasures that I am too excited to eat all by myself.

Here the itinerary of the box sent by my mother:

*10 chocolate bars from Switzerland (four of them pass the date of consumption),
one chunk of Gruyère,
one chunk of parmigiano,
cassanese and caruba,
caramel candies (I don't like them),
one jar of honey from Sardinia,
one jar of quince jam (the same will be used for capers once it is done),
one big jar of anchovies under salt,*

*Sicilian cookies of a different type,
Anchovies under salt
and finally candied quince.*

The last one was made by my uncle in Sicily. Little honey-colored rocks shimmering in sugar like crystals. Sugar and salt. Sweet and salty. Putting these



[FIGURE 8] Swordfish Boat at the strait of Messina

[18] "Una Tradizione Millenaria 'Ù Baccalà' Dai Normanni Ad Oggi Nelle Tavole Natalizie Dei Palermitani." PalermoWeb, 1 Dec. 2020. www.palermoweb.com/palermoweb/index.php/il-pesce-bastone-u-haccala.

[19] Calvino, Italo William Weaver. Under the Jaguar Sun. Penguin Books, 2023.

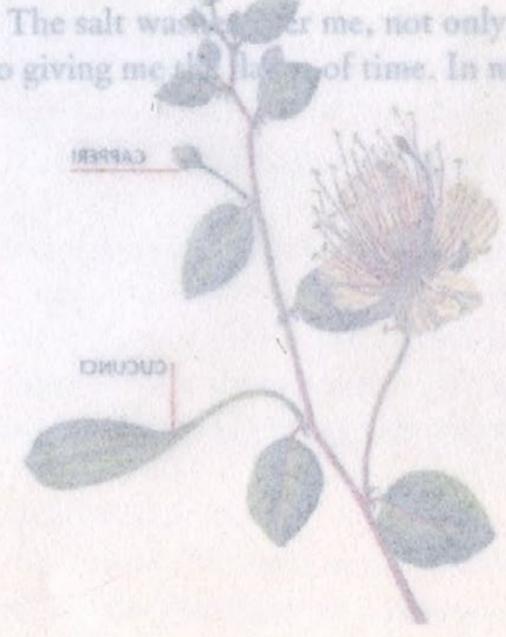
I am not sure what to make today. It has been a long and cold day. The little
flowers I pass by when going home is dull from the fog created by the rigid
environments. The persistent cold has taken the shine from the tree leaves and

colours. The door to my
cabin is open, and I can see the
the door to my
little
which
snow

blooming
these
and
the
hand
use
jar
hand

I have my own jars, and the origin of these mason
jars is unknown, constantly circulating in the hands of women caretakers
around me creating imprints on the glass handed to me, the same ones that
shaped my being of who I am today.

The salt was for me, not only preserving my developing nature but
also giving me the taste of time. In my own way, I will find my own taste.



[4]

QUE
OF
AND

“MONUMENT FOR A MOMENT” GRADUATION PROJECT



For my graduation work, I strived to create a monument made to last only a moment. It is big as much as it is flimsy, and the paper pasted on its walls turns yellow with time, as the floor of plaster breaks beneath your feet.

TRYPTICH:
504x240CM
POSTERS PRINTED ON FOUR DIFFERENT
LAYERS OF RISO INK

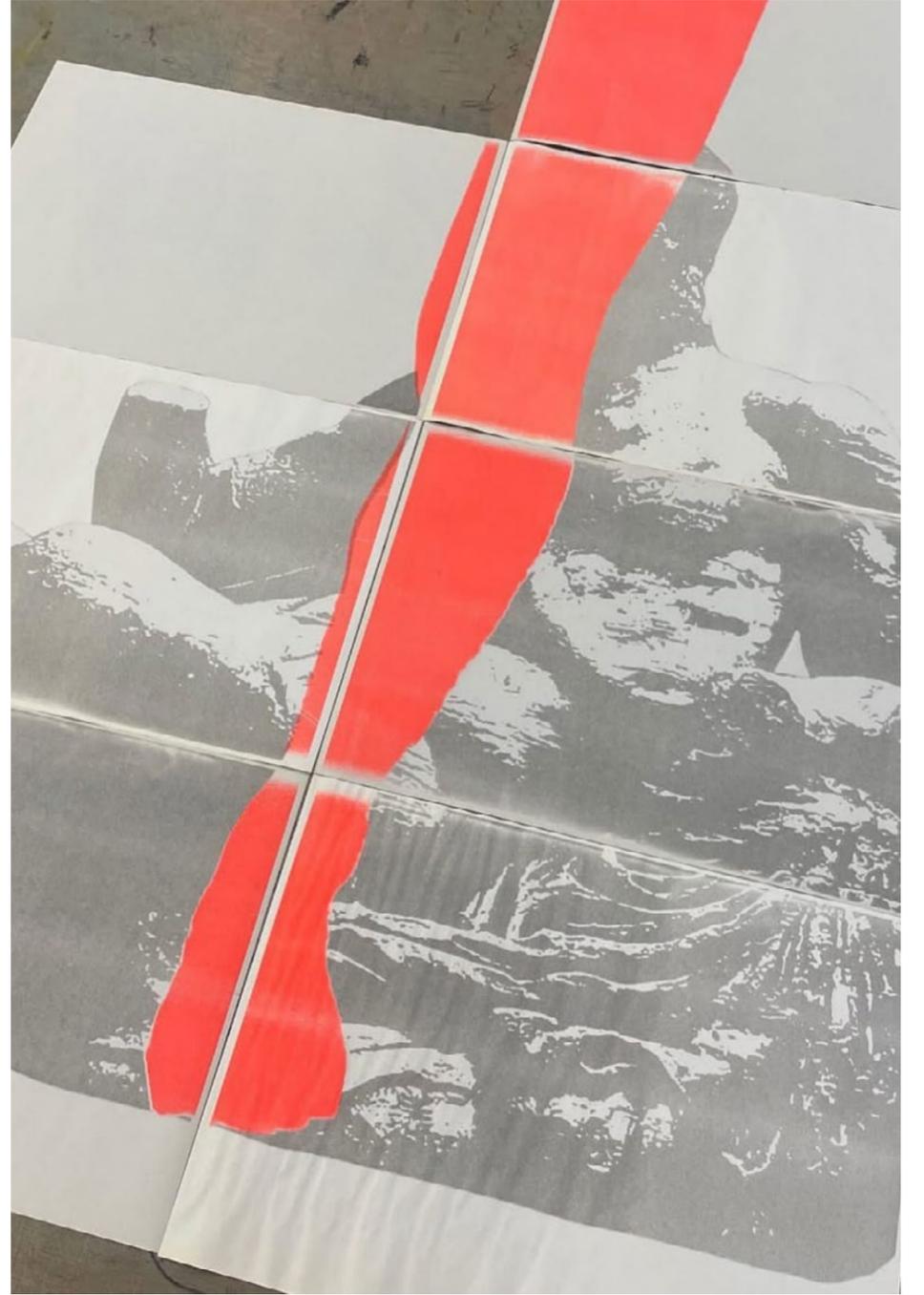
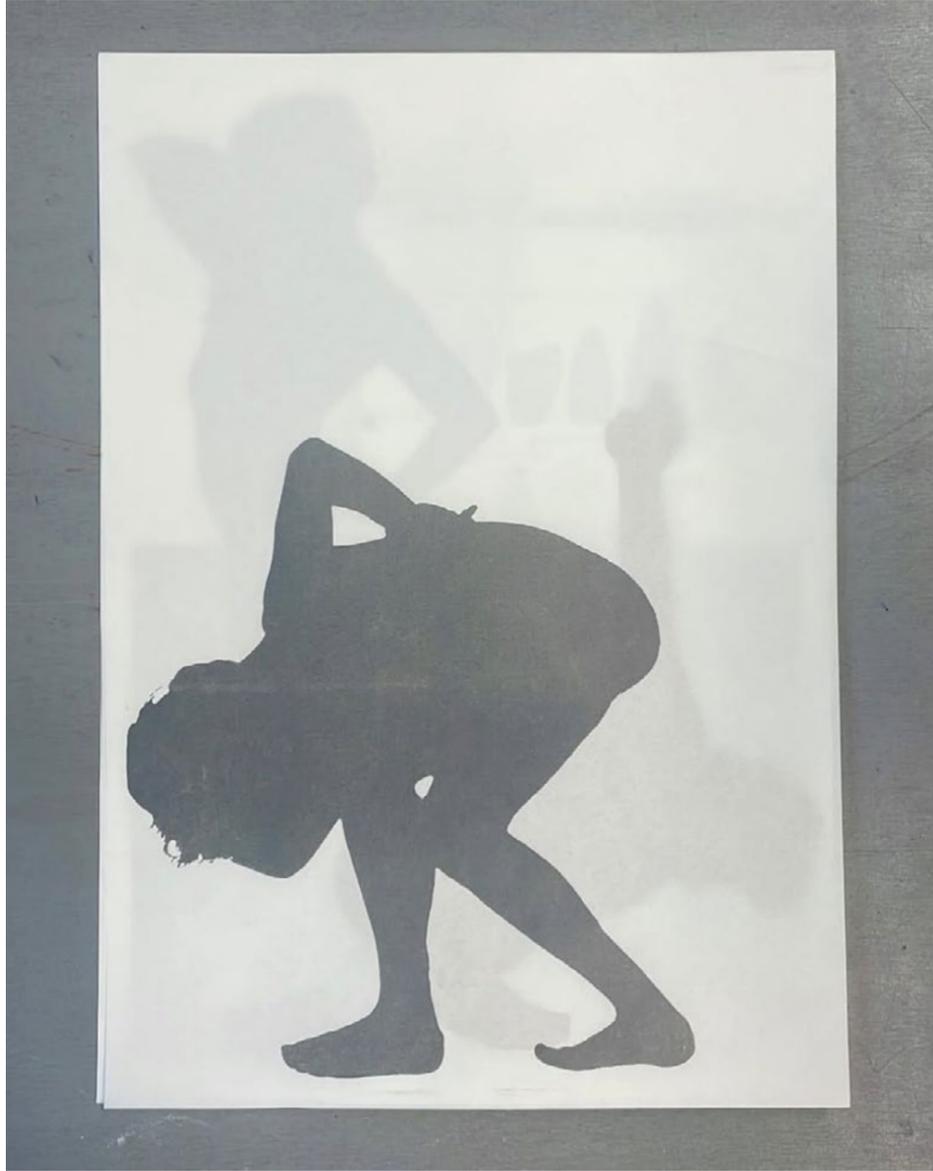
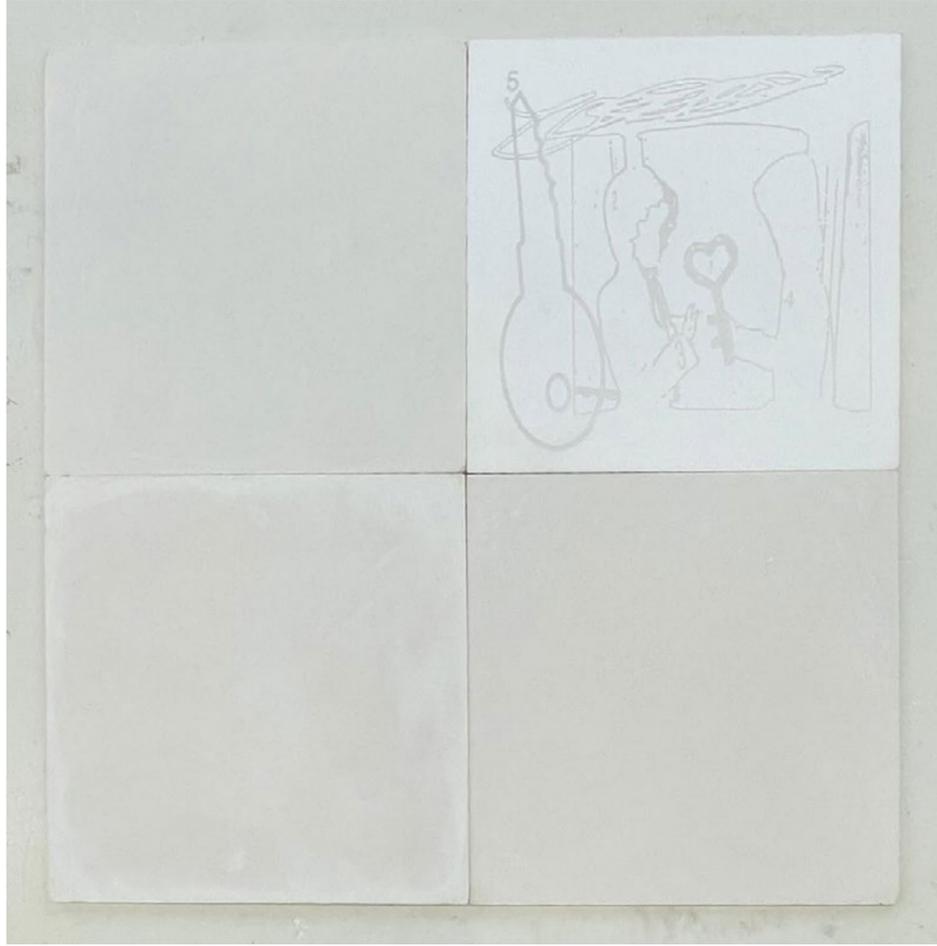
TILES:
360x180CM
PLASTER TILES ENGRAVED ON
LASERCUTTER MACHINE

2024





The images and text were engraved with laser on the plaster slabs.



Documentations of the testing process.

EXERCISES IN TYPE DESIGN

AG

Hammer

AGG

Verlaine

AGG

Catilina

AGG

Les Mots

AGG

Prodigal

AGG

Voltaire

agh

Croquettes

agh

De Keere Rotunda

Agg

W H & Son

Nine typeface exercises done on my free time. They follow my interests and fascinations. The last one is the typeface being used in all the titles throughout the portfolio.

9 DISPLAY TYPEFACES

2024–2025

croquette et huile

Inspired by English typography of the eighteenth century such as Caslon and Baskerville.

OH CATILINA

Loosely taken from illuminations from medieval manuscripts.

HAMMERIN'

Inspired by the loud letterings from industrial revolution posters.

PAUL VERLAINE

All letters in this font were drawn starting from the shapes of letter R (which came to me in a dream).

rotunda de keere

Digitalization of a 16th century rotunda by the punchcutter Hendrik van den Keere.

LE BEAU MOTS

Taken from a title page from a french dictionary.

DE VOLTAIRE

Inspired by Garamond's italic capitals.

PRODIGAL SON

Inspired by a lettering seen on a 1950s book cover.

“TIME” FONT FAMILY

hamburg

Humanist Sans

hamburg

Modernist Sans

hamburg

Humanist Serif

hamburg

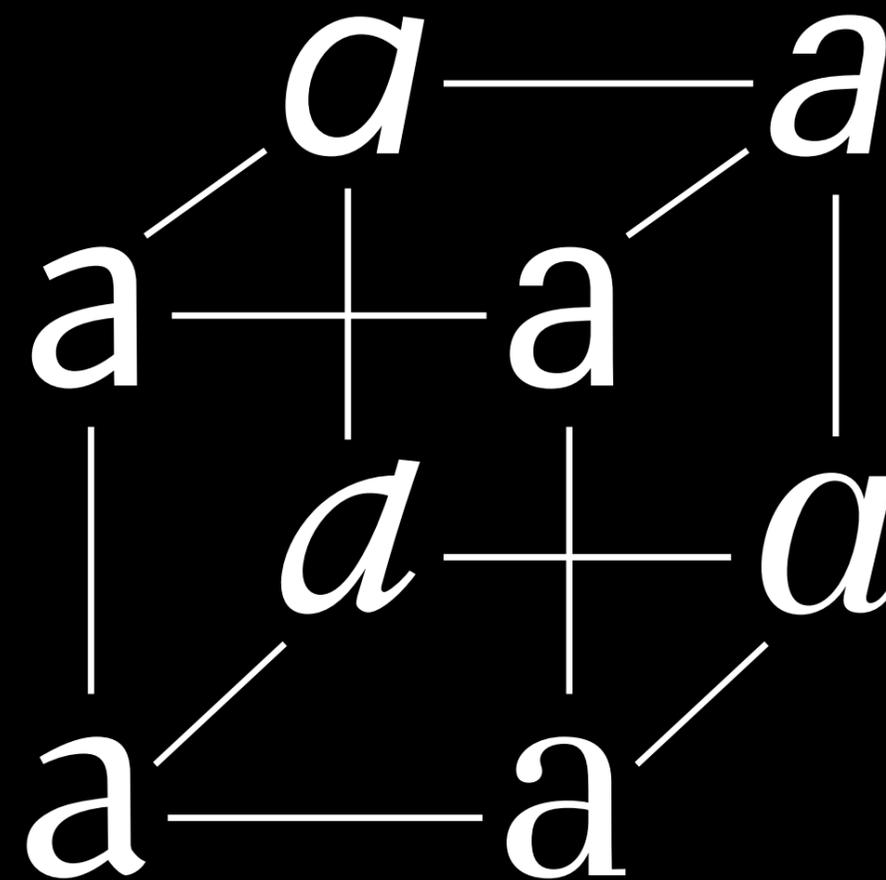
Modernist Serif

hamburg

hamburg

hamburg

hamburg



Design space.

et voluptur eque nobiti dolorit omnisti amen
dit in iusae nam od maionse niendam quo om
nihit venimustis nonsendis repelenditat aut

et voluptur eque nobiti dolorit omni ti amen
dit iu ae nam od maion e niendam quo omnihit
venimu ti non endi repelenditat aut quam aut

24pt.

et voluptur eque nobiti dolorit
omnisti amendit in iusae nam od
maionse niendam quo omnihit
venimustis nonsendis repelendi
tat aut quam aut mi quia sitibus
vendae bunir igenime indipsapi
cun eicitatur suntto tem alit alibea

et voluptur eque nobiti dolor
it omni ti amendit iu ae nam od
maion e niendam quo omnihit
venimu ti non endi repelenditat
aut quam aut mi quia itibu vendae
bunir igenime ndip apic temporlo
riap eratentin et acepudi videi

10pt.

After studying the relationship between the Humanist sans of the 20th century and the typefaces from the Renaissance—I decided to join all of these interconnected styles in a design space.

FONT FAMILY

2023

FRANCO STONE TYPE FAMILY

A B C D E F G H I J K L

M N O P Q R S T U V

W X Y & & & & & Z

Ɔ Ǝ A L N E R A © Ć H

H O G T U N Y K S T I



Finalist at the Morisawa Type Design Competition, Latin Category.



Selected for the Brazilian Graphic Design Biennial.



Selected for the Tipos Latinos Type Design Competition.

Franco Stone is a font family that started as a sans serif typeface. The process took a turn and went more towards roman capitals inscribed in stone, but its serifs remain missing.

DISPLAY FONT FAMILY

2018–2021

WILLIAM BLAKE'S
UNIVERSE

LE GALLERIE
DEGLI UFFIZI

Silvia Malaguzzi

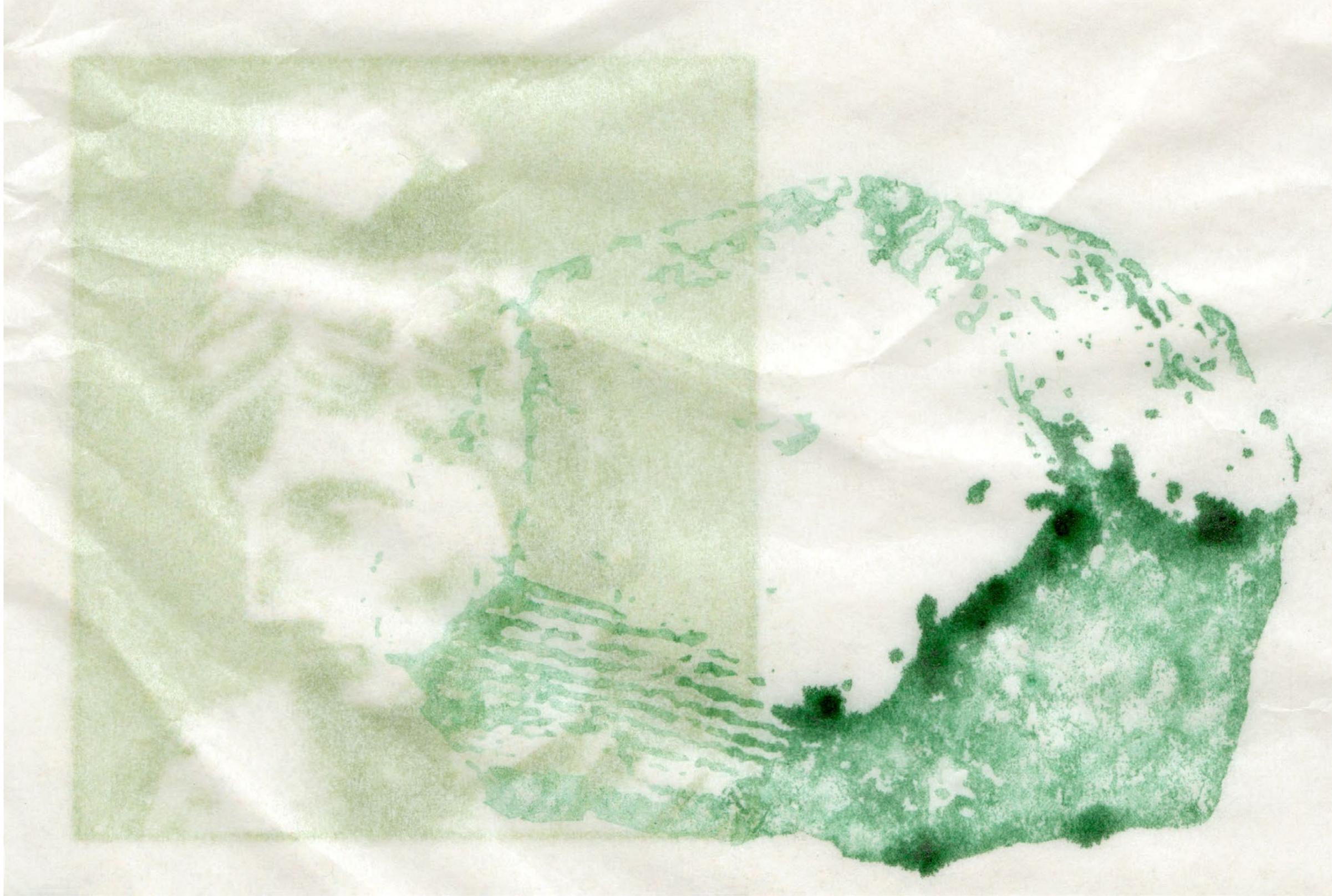
DIAMANTI
RUBINI
e SMERALDI

Il linguaggio dei gioielli
nei dipinti degli Uffizi

Nomos

Uses of the typeface on catalogues for exhibitions at
the Fitzwilliam Museum and Le Gallerie Degli Uffizi.

VISUAL IDENTITY FOR ST. STEPHEN CERAMICS



A visual identity for a ceramic studio that translates the organic ethos of the brand through textures of paper, calligraphy and stamping.

VISUAL IDENTITY

2025



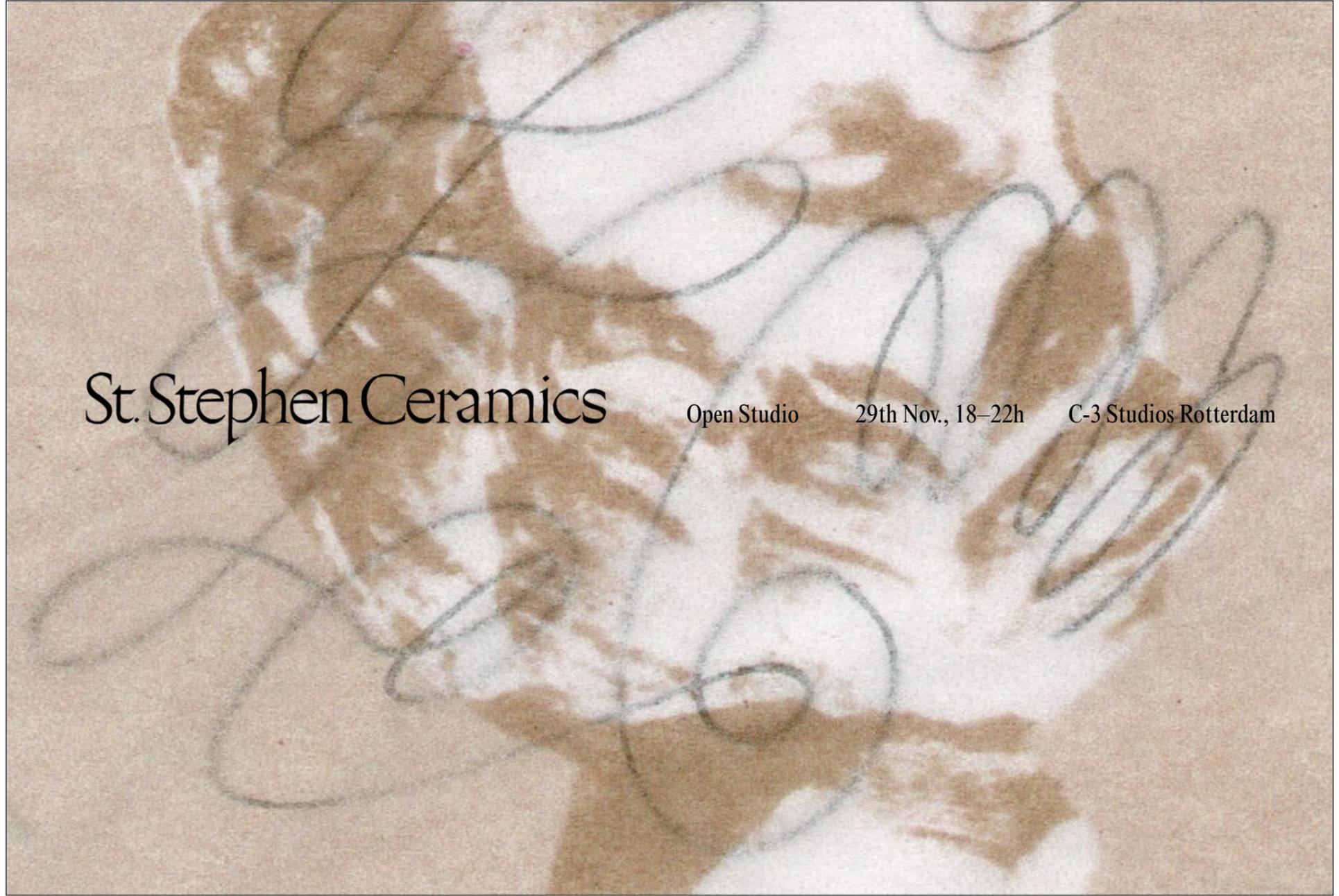
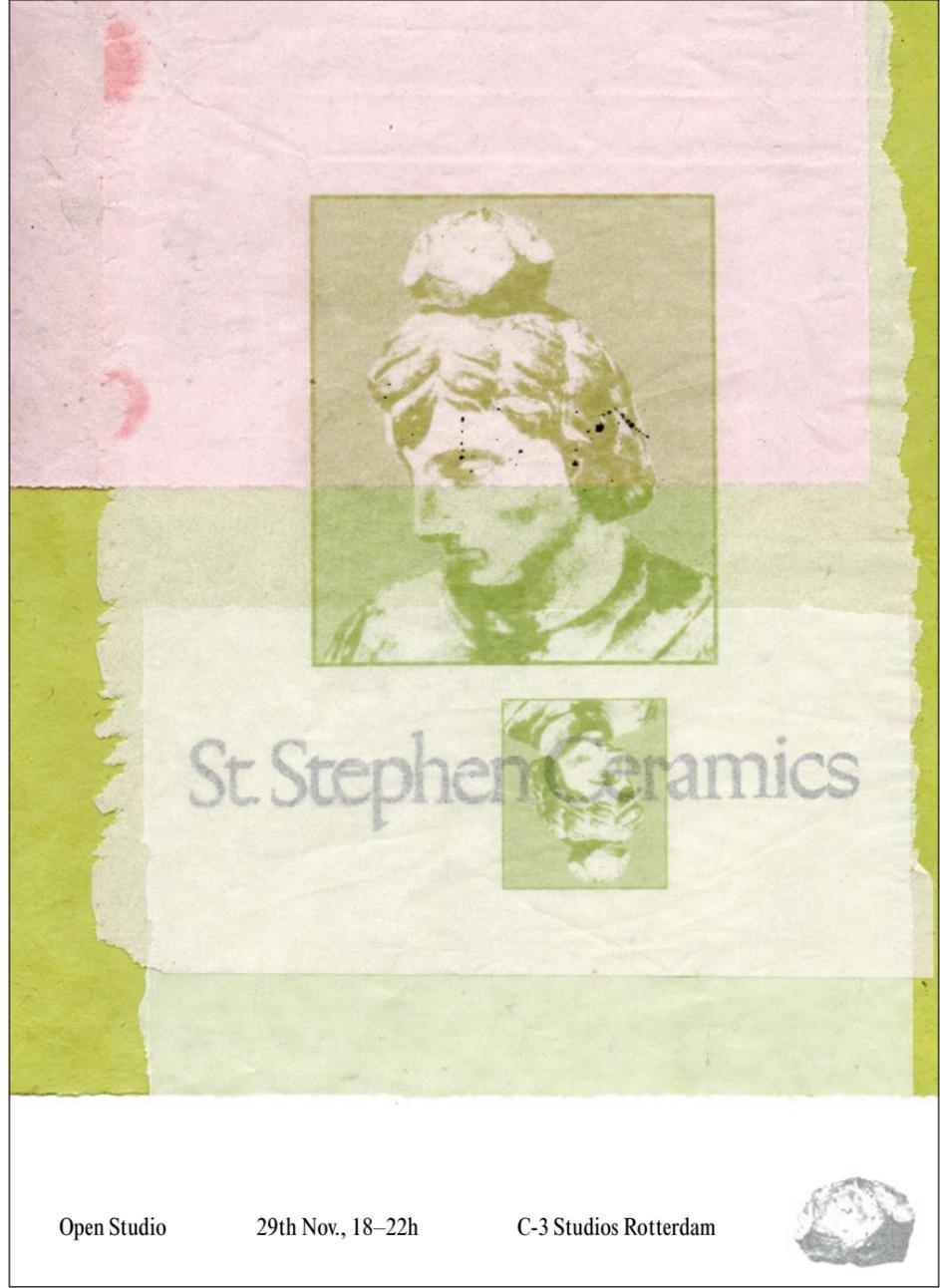
St. Stephen Ceramics

St. Stephen Ceramics





Logo on different applications.



Posters and announcements made for the opening of the studio.

VISUAL IDENTITY FOR GRAPHIC DESIGN'S GRADUATION SHOW

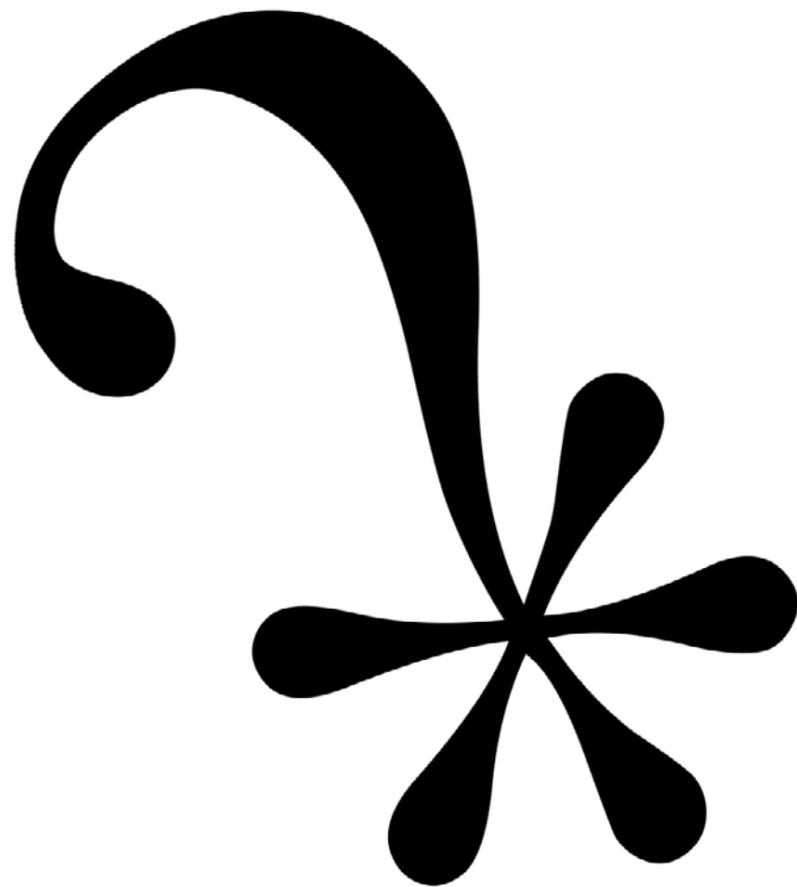


Visual identity for "Punctuations," the Graphic Design department's graduation show at the Royal Academy of Art (KABK). I participated on the concept, which was expanded graphically by Balázs Milánik, Dans Jirgensons and Jim Olijkan.

ART DIRECTION FOR VISUAL IDENTITY

2024

What did we do... What are we doing!!! Where are we going???
Come and find out what is our point, our comma, our question!?



KABK Graphic Design Graduation Show
27 June—2 July 2024
Prinsessegracht 4, Den Haag

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35. Kelly Martijn
I Just Gave Birth

In March 2023, I discovered that I was expecting a baby. For a split second, the world stood still while my thoughts went into overdrive. I had twelve weeks to decide whether to keep the baby, amidst harsh opinions, silent judgments, and unconscious projections around me.

I Just Gave Birth captures my personal experience during this time, highlighting the intense emotions and societal pressures that defined this transformative period.

The work is presented through three interconnected timelines: the written, the monprint, and the photo timeline. These three elements each offer their own perspective on my experiences during this specific period of my life.

The entire work is set against a bright yellow background inspired by the Miffy cubes, a well-known figure drawn by Dick Bruna, which are used as carriers of the glass through which you see the work.

k.martijn@hotmail.com / @childbino

36. Amber de Ronde
Behind The Scenes

This open day campaign, created by Amber, reveals the creative processes and stories behind students' works and materials they use at the academy. By utilizing leftover materials found throughout the academy, Amber offers insight into the students' daily life and working environment.

She shows how these materials, often placed in various locations, create compositions that reflect the diverse creative activities of the students. Repurposed textual elements from lockers, tables, walls, and doors form a new typographic toolkit, capturing the academy's unique character.

The campaign combines these elements to showcase the varied creative processes across departments, featuring the inspiring architecture and interior in which students work. Amber meticulously documents when, where, and what each photo depicts, compiling this into an index and map overview for comprehensive understanding.

She emphasizes that students' daily life shapes the academy's identity, reflecting the environment's authentic character. The goal is to inspire future students by showcasing the community's boundless potential.

a-deronde1999@hotmail.com / @amberdx

37. Lucas Mainieri Franco
MONUMENT FOR A MOMENT

A monument made to represent and last only but a moment. It is big as much as it is flimsy, and the paper pasted on its walls turns yellow with time, as the floor breaks beneath your feet. It shows a point in time, ephemeral as the moment itself—a moment of convergence in so many layers, turning in its epitome to exploding catharsis in fluorescent orange.

The old monuments represent a violent stagnation and the silhouettes behind them—in trying to mimic their poses—follow in their procession. The central figure moves in freedom after breaking from its shadows.

This breaking from pattern announces the breaking itself—still unsure of what this new cycle or beginning could entail, this monument commemorates its rupture to itself. An old monument giving way to a new one.

lucas@nowtype.com.br / @hellothesecaremyphotos

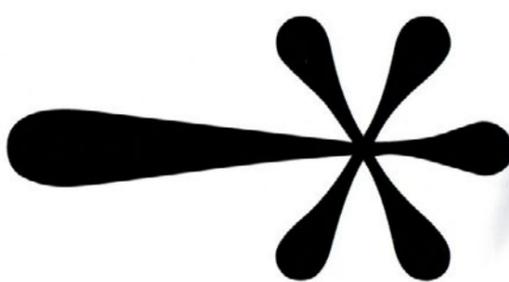
38. Sonya Umanskaya
Concrete Echoes

Concrete is the second most used material in the world and the most destructive one. Serving not only for the construction of contemporary buildings but also as an essential material in military architecture, it becomes a reminder of war. But what happens to the memory of war when it's over, when it slowly fades away, and the walls and bunkers start to crumble?

Through the exploration of the Atlantic Wall—a system of coastal defenses and fortifications built by Nazi Germany during the Second World War along the coast of continental Europe and Scandinavia—and concrete as a building material used for it, Sonya aims to examine the impact of military structures on civilian landscapes amid ongoing global conflicts.

As a Russian citizen affected by the war between Russia and Ukraine, she connects her experience with the environment of The Hague, the political capital of the Netherlands. She explores how the city deals with its own difficult wartime past, questioning how this heritage influences contemporary politics and local memory.

umanskayason@gmail.com / @s_umanskaya



39. Nova Lie
Decay Decor

Wander freely through a city or town, look out for the chance alchemy of human designs mixed with forces of nature. Noticing this decay is to witness the visual landscape deviating from its original designs. Decay is an event, it is a transformative process for artefacts, it is part of the second life of design. Tracing this life-beyond-design is a way to glimpse decay as decoration in an otherwise monotonous visual landscape.

Puddles, Potholes, Weathered, Shadows, Renewal, Transformation, Neglect, Repurposed, Deterioration, Abandoned, Forgotten, Remnants, Leaves, Dust, Residue, Stains, Stickers, Repaired, Overlooked, Ivy, Moss, Monochrome, Vibrant, Broken, Camouflaged, Clouds, Corrosion, Crumbled, Cracking, Used, Loved, Hated, Weeds, Sunset, Shriveling, Synchronicity, Unregulated, Trash, Scratches, Errors, Glitched, Faded, Footprints, Ripped, Rust, Wet, Misprinted, Condensation, Decay, Decor.

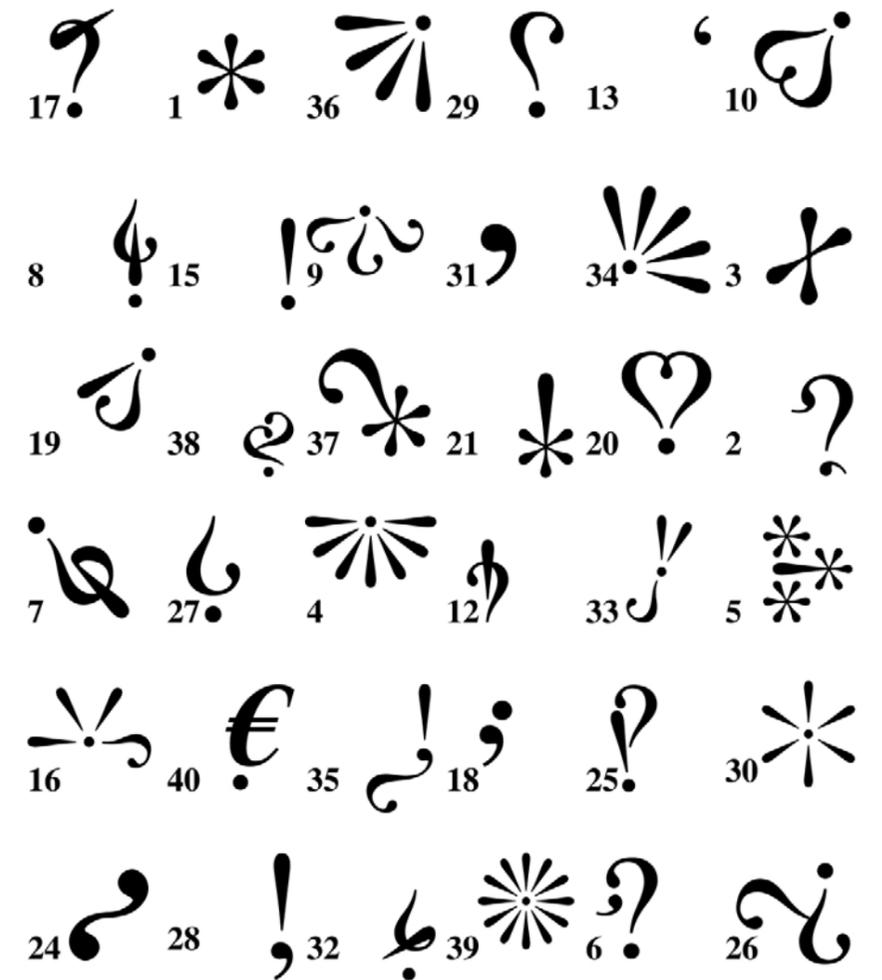
novamarielie1@gmail.com / @nie11

40. Francisco Sebire Munk (Eurowitch)
Super Colmado La Euro

Super Colmado La Euro is an immersive installation that reimagines the vibrant cultural spaces of Latin American and Caribbean corner shops, known as "Colmados," "Bodegas," or "Tienditas." This project utilizes a blend of visual art, performance, and community interaction to underscore the social and cultural importance of these communal hubs. Visitors are invited to explore a space filled with repurposed everyday objects, music, and culturally rich visuals, all conducted in Spanish, to evoke a sense of belonging and cultural exchange. This installation aims to challenge preconceived notions and foster an appreciation for the diverse and dynamic nature of these cultural spaces.

How can we create more spaces that honor and celebrate cultural identities, fostering understanding and connection rather than division?

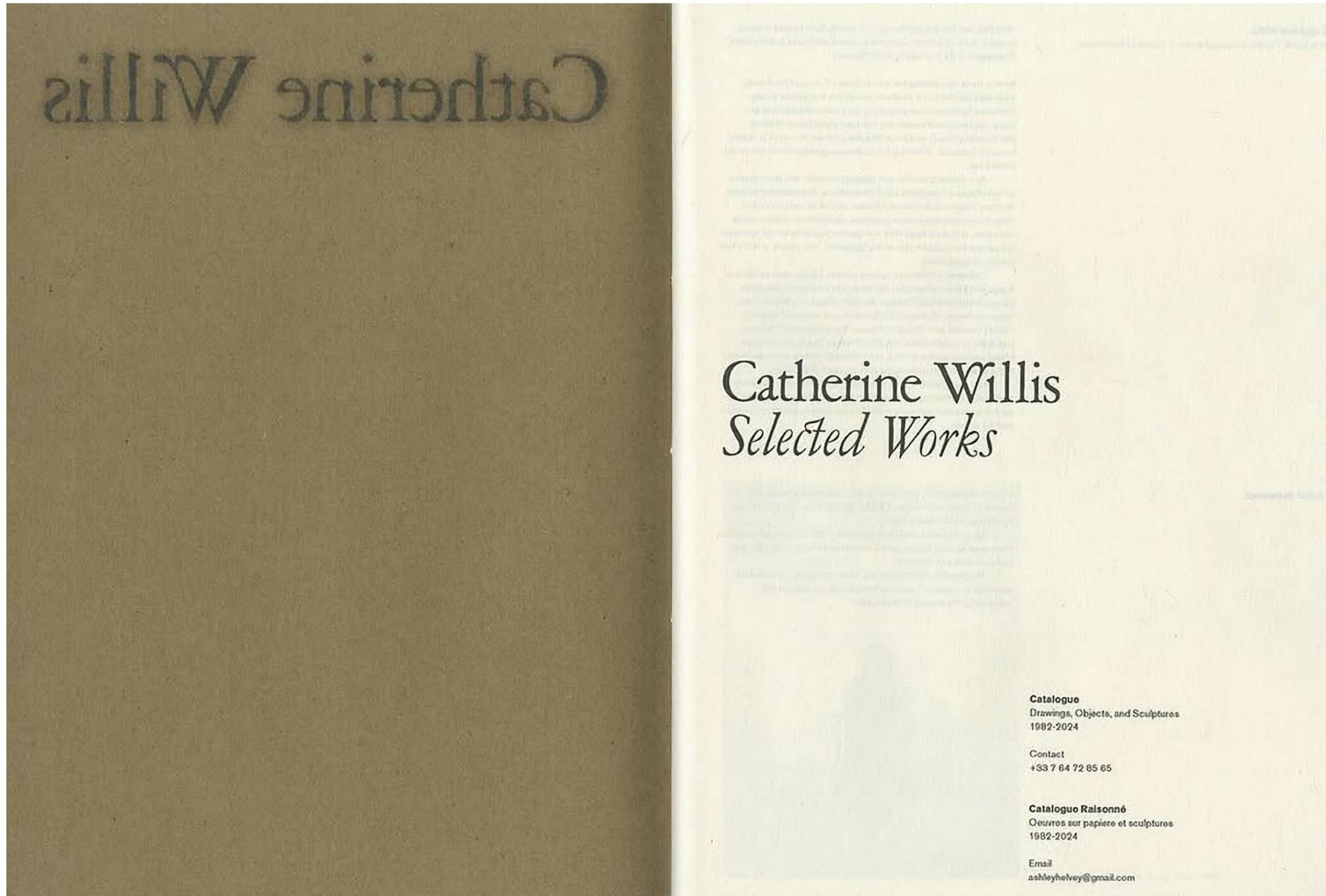
eufo666witch@gmail.com / @eurowitch



The identity utilizes creative punctuation marks, to symbolize all the complex emotions each student goes through while graduating.

Each of the 43 students was given a special punctuation mark.

LOGO & TITLE LETTERING FOR CATHERINE WILLIS



In this project, I created custom letterings and ligatures for a publication of fine artist Catherine Willis.

The winding ligatures mirror the organic forms present in the artist's sculptures.

Catalogue design by
Dans Jirgensons

CUSTOM LETTERING

2025

Catherine Willis

Selected Works

Catalogue

Drawings, Objects, and Sculptures
1982-2024

Contact

+33 7 64 72 85 65

Catalogue Raisonné

Oeuvres sur papier et sculptures
1982-2024

Installations

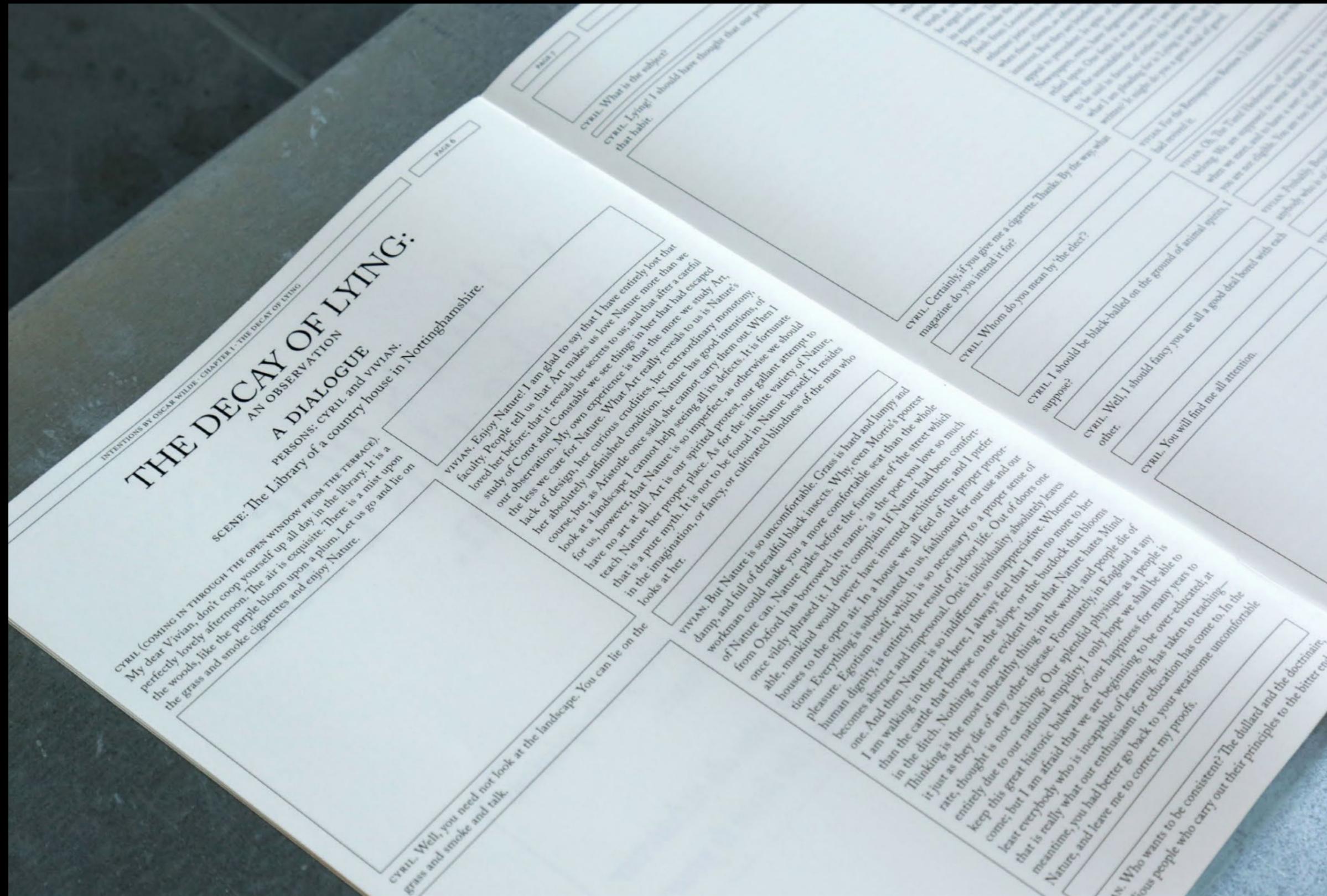
Coup de Tabac sur la Rivière, Niort, 1991
Barque, sand, oar, cigarettes of café tobacco, parfum de temps



World of Willis

Installations

EDITING "INTENTIONS" BY OSCAR WILDE



In this book, I edited a collection of essays by Oscar Wilde.

Because a running theme of these essays is opinions, I insert annotation boxes along the book so the reader can put their own opinions in the book.

21x29CM
PRINTED ON LASER PRINTER;
FRENCH LINK STITCH BINDING

2021

quality of a wine one need not drink the whole cask. It must be perfectly easy in half an hour to say whether a book is worth anything or worth nothing. Ten minutes are really sufficient, if one has the instinct for form. Who wants to wade through a dull volume? One tastes it, and that is quite enough—more than enough, I should imagine. I am aware that there are many honest workers in painting as well as in literature who object to criticism entirely. They are quite right. Their work stands in no intellectual relation to their age. It brings us no new element of pleasure. It suggests no fresh departure of thought, or passion, or beauty. It should not be spoken of. It should be left to the oblivion that it deserves.

GILBERT. More difficult to do a thing than to talk about it? Not at all. That is a gross popular error. It is very much more difficult to talk about a thing than to do it. In the sphere of actual life that is of course obvious. Anybody can make history. Only a great man can write it. There is no mode of action, no form of emotion, that we do not share with the lower animals. It is only by language that we rise above them, or above each other—by language, which is the parent, and not the child, of thought. Action, indeed, is always easy, and when presented to us in its most aggravated, because most continuous form, which I take to be that of real industry, becomes simply the refuge of people who have nothing whatsoever to do. No, Ernest, don't talk about action. It is a blind thing dependent on external influences, and moved by an impulse of whose nature it is unconscious. It is a thing incomplete in its essence, because limited by accident, and ignorant of its direction, being always at variance with its aim. Its basis is the lack of imagination. It is the last resource of those who know not how to dream.

GILBERT. The one duty we owe to history is to re-write it. That is not the least of the tasks in store for the critical spirit. When we have fully discovered the scientific laws that govern life, we shall realise that the one person who has more illusions than the dreamer is the man of action. He, indeed, knows neither the origin of his deeds nor their results. From the field in which he thought that he had sown thorns, we have gathered our vintage, and the fig-tree that he planted for our pleasure is as barren as the thistle, and more bitter. It is because Humanity has never known where it was going that it has been able to find its way.

GILBERT. It is worse than a delusion. If we lived long enough to see the results of our actions it may be that those who call themselves good would be sickened with a dull remorse, and those whom the world calls evil stirred by a noble joy. Each little thing that we do passes into the great machine of life which may grind our virtues to powder and make them worthless, or transform our sins into elements of a new civilisation, more marvellous and more splendid than any that has gone before. But men are the slaves of words. They rage against Materialism, as they call it, forgetting that there has been no material improvement that has not spiritualised the world, and that there have been few, if any, spiritual awakenings that have not wasted the world's faculties in barren hopes, and fruitless aspirations, and empty or trammelling creeds. What is termed Sin is an essential element of progress. Without it the world would stagnate, or grow old, or become colourless. By its curiosity Sin increases the experience of the race. Through its intensified assertion of individualism,

ERNEST. But, my dear fellow—excuse me for interrupting you—you seem to me to be allowing your passion for criticism to lead you a great deal too far. For, after all, even you must admit that it is much more difficult to do a thing than to talk about it.

ERNEST. Gilbert, you treat the world as if it were a crystal ball. You hold it in your hand, and reverse it to please a wilful fancy. You do nothing but re-write history.

ERNEST. You think, then, that in the sphere of action a conscious aim is a delusion?

it saves us from monotony of type. In its rejection of the current notions about morality, it is one with the higher ethics. And as for the virtues! What are the virtues? Nature, M. Renan tells us, cares little about chastity, and it may be that it is to the shame of the Magdalen, and not to their own purity, that the Lucretias of modern life owe their freedom from stain. Charity, as even those of whose religion it makes a formal part have been compelled to acknowledge, creates a multitude of evils. The mere existence of conscience, that faculty of which people prate so much nowadays, and are so ignorantly proud, is a sign of our imperfect development. It must be merged in instinct before we become fine. Self-denial is simply a method by which man arrests his progress, and self-sacrifice a survival of the mutilation of the savage, part of that old worship of pain which is so terrible a factor in the history of the world, and which even now makes its victims day by day, and has its altars in the land. Virtues! Who knows what the virtues are? Not you. Not I. Not any one. It is well for our vanity that we slay the criminal, for if we suffered him to live he might show us what we had gained by his crime. It is well for his peace that the saint goes to his martyrdom. He is spared the sight of the horror of his harvest.

GILBERT (AFTER A PAUSE). Yes: I believe I ventured upon that simple truth. Surely you see now that I am right? When man acts he is a puppet. When he describes he is a poet. The whole secret lies in that. It was easy enough on the sandy plains by windy Ilion to send the notched arrow from the painted bow, or to hurl against the shield of hide and flamelike brass the long ash-handled spear. It was easy for the adulterous queen to spread the Tyrian carpets for her lord, and then, as he lay couched in the marble bath, to throw over his head the purple net, and call to her smooth-faced lover to stab through the meshes at the heart that should have broken at Aulis. For Antigone even, with Death waiting for her as her bridegroom, it was easy to pass through the tainted air at noon, and climb the hill, and strew with kindly earth the wretched naked corpse that had no tomb. But what of those who wrote about these things? What of those who gave them reality, and made them live for ever? Are they not greater than the men and women they sing of? 'Hector that sweet knight is dead,' and Lucian tells us how in the dim under-world Menippus saw the bleaching skull of Helen, and marvelled that it was for so grim a favour that all those horned ships were launched, those beautiful mailed men laid low, those towered cities brought to dust. Yet, every day the swanlike daughter of Leda comes out on the battlements, and looks down at the tide of war. The greybeards wonder at her loveliness, and she stands by the side of the king. In his chamber of stained ivory lies her leman. He is polishing his dainty armour, and combing the scarlet plume. With squire and page, her husband passes from tent to tent. She can see his bright hair, and hears, or fancies that she hears, that clear cold voice. In the courtyard below, the son of Priam is buckling on his brazen cuirass. The white arms of Andromache are around his neck. He sets his helmet on the ground, lest their babe should be frightened. Behind the embroidered curtains of his pavilion sits Achilles, in perfumed raiment, while in harness of gilt and silver the friend of his soul arrays himself to go forth to the fight. From a curiously carved chest that his mother Thetis had brought to his ship-side, the Lord of the Myrmidons takes out that mystic chalice that the lip of man had never touched, and cleanses it with brimstone, and with fresh water cools it, and, having washed his hands, fills with black wine its burnished hollow, and spills the thick grape-blood upon the ground in honour of Him whom at Dodona barefooted prophets worshipped, and prays to Him, and knows not that he prays in vain, and that by the hands of two knights from

ERNEST. Gilbert, you sound too harsh a note. Let us go back to the more gracious fields of literature. What was it you said? That it was more difficult to talk about a thing than to do it?

of age, a tall graceful girl with fair hair. A very charming red-chalk drawing of her by her brother-in-law is still in existence, and shows how much his style as an artist was influenced by Sir Thomas Lawrence, a painter for whose work he had always entertained a great admiration. De Quincey says that Mrs. Wainwright was not really privy to the murder. Let us hope that she was not. Sin should be solitary, and have no accomplices. ¶ The insurance companies, suspecting the real facts of the case, declined to pay the policy on the technical ground of misrepresentation and want of interest, and, with curious courage, the poisoner entered an action in the Court of Chancery against the Imperial, it being agreed that one decision should govern all the cases. The trial, however, did not come on for five years, when, after one disagreement, a verdict was ultimately given in the companies' favour. The judge on the occasion was Lord Abinger. Egomet Bonmot was represented by Mr. Erle and Sir William Follet, and the Attorney-General and Sir Frederick Pollock appeared for the other side. The plaintiff, unfortunately, was unable to be present at either of the trials. The refusal of the companies to give him the £18,000 had placed him in a position of most painful pecuniary embarrassment. Indeed, a few months after the murder of Helen Abercrombie, he had been actually arrested for debt in the streets of London while he was serenading the pretty daughter of one of his friends. This difficulty was got over at the time, but shortly afterwards he thought it better to go abroad till he could come to some practical arrangement with his creditors. He accordingly went to Boulogne on a visit to the father of the young lady in question, and while he was there induced him to insure his life with the Pelican Company for £3000. As soon as the necessary formalities had been gone through and the policy executed, he dropped some crystals of strychnine into his coffee as they sat together one evening after dinner. He himself did not gain any monetary advantage by doing this. His aim was simply to revenge himself on the first office that had refused to pay him the price of his sin. His friend died the next day in his presence, and he left Boulogne at once for a sketching tour through the most picturesque parts of Brittany, and was for some time the guest of an old French gentleman, who had a beautiful country house at St. Omer. From this he moved to Paris, where he remained for several years, living in luxury, some say, while others talk of his 'skulking with poison in his pocket, and being dreaded by all who knew him.' In 1837 he returned to England privately. Some strange mad fascination brought him back. He followed

a woman whom he loved. ¶ It was the month of June, and he was staying at one of the hotels in Covent Garden. His sitting-room was on the ground floor, and he prudently kept the blinds down for fear of being seen. Thirteen years before, when he was making his fine collection of majolica and Marc Antonios, he had forged the names of his trustees to a power of attorney, which enabled him to get possession of some of the money which he had inherited from his mother, and had brought into marriage settlement. He knew that this forgery had been discovered, and that by returning to England he was imperilling his life. Yet he returned. Should one wonder? It was said that the woman was very beautiful. Besides, she did not love him. ¶ It was by a mere accident that he was discovered. A noise in the street attracted his attention, and, in his artistic interest in modern life, he pushed aside the blind for a moment. Some one outside called out, 'That's Wainwright, the Bank-forgery.' It was Forrester, the Bow Street runner. ¶ On the 5th of July he was brought up at the Old Bailey. The following report of the proceedings appeared in the Times:—

Before Mr. Justice Vaughan and Mr. Baron Alderson, Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, aged forty-two, a man of gentlemanly appearance, wearing mustachios, was indicted for forging and uttering a certain power of attorney for £2259, with intent to defraud the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. ¶ There were five indictments against the prisoner, to all of which he pleaded not guilty, when he was arraigned before Mr. Serjeant Arabin in the course of the morning. On being brought before the judges, however, he begged to be allowed to withdraw the former plea, and then pleaded guilty to two of the indictments which were not of a capital nature. ¶ The counsel for the Bank having explained that there were three other indictments, but that the Bank did not desire to shed blood, the plea of guilty on the two minor charges was recorded, and the prisoner at the close of the session sentenced by the Recorder to transportation for life.

He was taken back to Newgate, preparatory to his removal to the colonies. In a fanciful passage in one of his early essays he had fancied himself 'lying in Horse-monger Gaol under sentence of death' for having been unable to resist the temptation of stealing some Marc Antonios from the British Museum in order to complete his collection. The sentence now passed on him was to a man of his culture a form of death. He complained bitterly of it to his friends, and pointed out, with a good deal of reason, some people may fancy, that the money was practically his own, having come to him from his mother, and that the forgery, such as it was, had been committed thirteen years before, which, to use his own phrase, was at least a cir-

PEN, PENCIL AND POISON

A STUDY IN GREEN

It has constantly been made a subject of reproach against artists and men of letters that they are lacking in wholeness and completeness of nature. As a rule this must necessarily be so. That very concentration of vision and intensity of purpose which is the characteristic of the artistic temperament is in itself a mode of limitation. To those who are preoccupied with the beauty of form nothing else seems of much importance. Yet there are many exceptions to this rule. Rubens served as ambassador, and Goethe as state councillor, and Milton as Latin secretary to Cromwell. Sophocles held civic office in his own city; the humourists, essayists, and novelists of modern America seem to desire nothing better than to become the diplomatic representatives of their country; and Charles Lamb's friend, Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, the subject of this brief memoir, though of an extremely artistic temperament, followed many masters other than art, being not merely a poet and a painter, an art-critic, an antiquarian, and a writer of prose, an amateur of beautiful things, and a dilettante of things delightful, but also a forger of no mean or ordinary capabilities, and as a subtle and secret poisoner almost without rival in this or any age. ¶ This remarkable man, so powerful with 'pen, pencil and poison,' as a great poet of our own day has finely said of him, was born at Chiswick, in 1794. His father was the son of a distinguished solicitor of Gray's Inn and Hatton Garden. His mother was the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Griffiths, the editor and founder of the *Monthly Review*, the partner in another literary speculation of Thomas Davis, that famous bookseller of whom Johnson said that he was not a bookseller, but 'a gentleman who dealt in books,' the friend of Goldsmith and Wedgwood, and one of the most well-known men of his day. Mrs. Wainwright died, in giving him birth, at the early age of twenty-one, and an obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* tells us of her 'amiable disposition and numerous accomplishments,' and adds somewhat quaintly that 'she is supposed to have un-

derstood the writings of Mr. Locke as well as perhaps any person of either sex now living.' His father did not long survive his young wife, and the little child seems to have been brought up by his grandfather, and, on the death of the latter in 1803, by his uncle George Edward Griffiths, whom he subsequently poisoned. His boyhood was passed at Linden House, Turnham Green, one of those many fine Georgian mansions that have unfortunately disappeared before the inroads of the suburban builder, and to its lovely gardens and well-timbered park he owed that simple and impassioned love of nature which never left him all through his life, and which made him so peculiarly susceptible to the spiritual influences of Wordsworth's poetry. He went to school at Charles Burney's academy at Hammer-smith. Mr. Burney was the son of the near kinsman of the artistic lad who was destined to turn out his most remarkable pupil. He seems to have been a man of a good deal of culture, and in after years Mr. Wainwright often spoke of him with much affection as a philosopher, an archæologist, and an admirable teacher who, while he valued the intellectual side of education, did not forget the importance of early moral training. It was under Mr. Burney that he first developed his talent as an artist, and Mr. Hazlitt tells us that a drawing-book which he used at school is still extant, and displays great talent and natural feeling. Indeed, painting was the first art that fascinated him. It was not till much later that he sought to find expression by pen or poison. ¶ Before this, however, he seems to have been carried away by boyish dreams of the romance and chivalry of a soldier's life, and to have become a young guardsman. But the reckless dissipated life of his companions failed to satisfy the refined artistic temperament of one who was made for other things. In a short time he wearied of the service. 'Art,' he tells us, in words that still move many by their ardent sincerity and strange fervour, 'Art touched her renegade; by her pure and high influence the noisome mists were purged; my feelings, parched, hot, and tarnished, were renovated with cool, fresh bloom, simple, beautiful to the simple-hearted.' But Art was not the only cause of the change. 'The writings of Wordsworth,' he goes on to say, 'did much towards calming the confusing whirl necessarily incident to sudden mutations. I wept over them tears of happiness and gratitude.' He accordingly left the army, with its rough

VISUAL IDENTITY FOR CHILLZONE BOOKSTORE

chillzone

chillzone

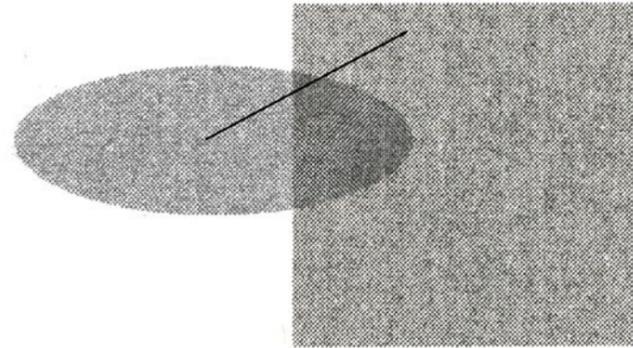
chillzone

chillzone

Visual identity for chillzone books in Amsterdam. It is a modular system, where I created a toolkit of logos, symbols, textures and shapes to be used within a visual system that I also designed.

VISUAL IDENTITY

2025



Opening of **Chillzone** BookStore

&

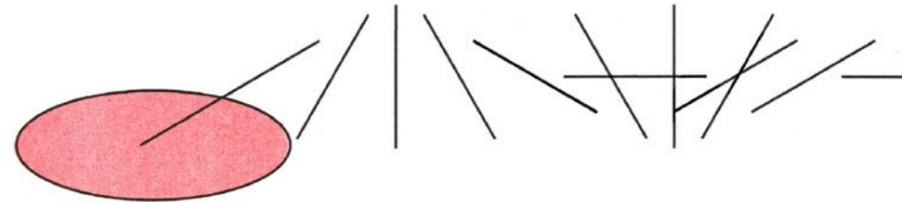
Exhibition "**Dark Entries**"
by Nadie Borggreve

Friday, 18 July 2025,
16:00 — 21:00

We are delighted to invite you to the grand opening of Chillzone, a new bookstore and cultural space dedicated to amplifying underrepresented voices and sharing stories that challenge, question, and expand the dominant narratives. Chillzone offers a carefully curated selection of books spanning independent publishing, critical theory, art, and experimental literature — a collection that sparks dialogue and encourages new forms of thinking. In addition to books, Chillzone will feature and sell works by contemporary artists, creating a platform where publishing and visual arts come together to inspire.

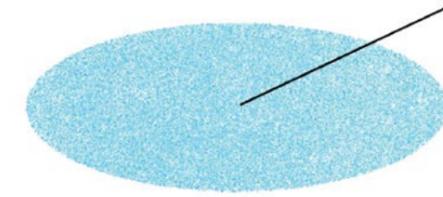
For our first exhibition, we proudly present "Dark Entries" by Nadie Borggreve (Amsterdam, 1991). In this immersive installation, Borggreve transforms the exhibition space into an otherworldly garden, exploring cycles of transformation and wonder through hand-dyed, tufted textiles that glow with a stained-glass-like luminosity. Her layered, dreamlike landscapes invite visitors into a space of contemplation, where nature, memory, and imagination come together.

at chillzone



Robbers — book launch

tuesday, 8 FEB 2025
van diemenstraat, 16
space 0.24

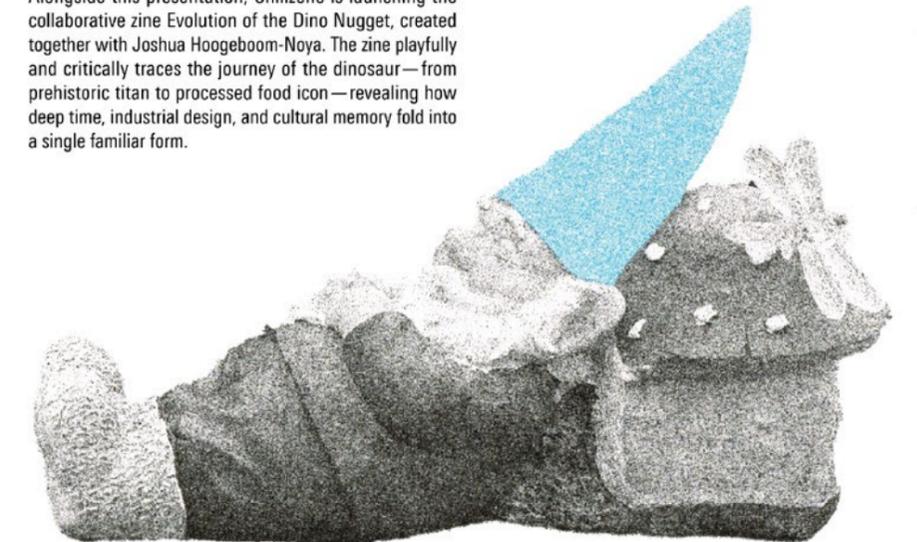


Milena Anna Bouma — New Work + Zine Launch

Chillzone is proud to present new work by Milena Anna Bouma, created during her recent residency at EKCW (European Ceramic Work Centre). In this latest series, Bouma deepens her exploration of transformation, material memory, and playful abstraction, working with new forms that blur the line between artifact, sculpture, and imagination.

Bouma's work questions the boundaries between the organic and the manufactured, the real and the constructed. Her sculptural gestures invite us to rethink how history, function, and material evolve in an age of endless reproduction and reinterpretation.

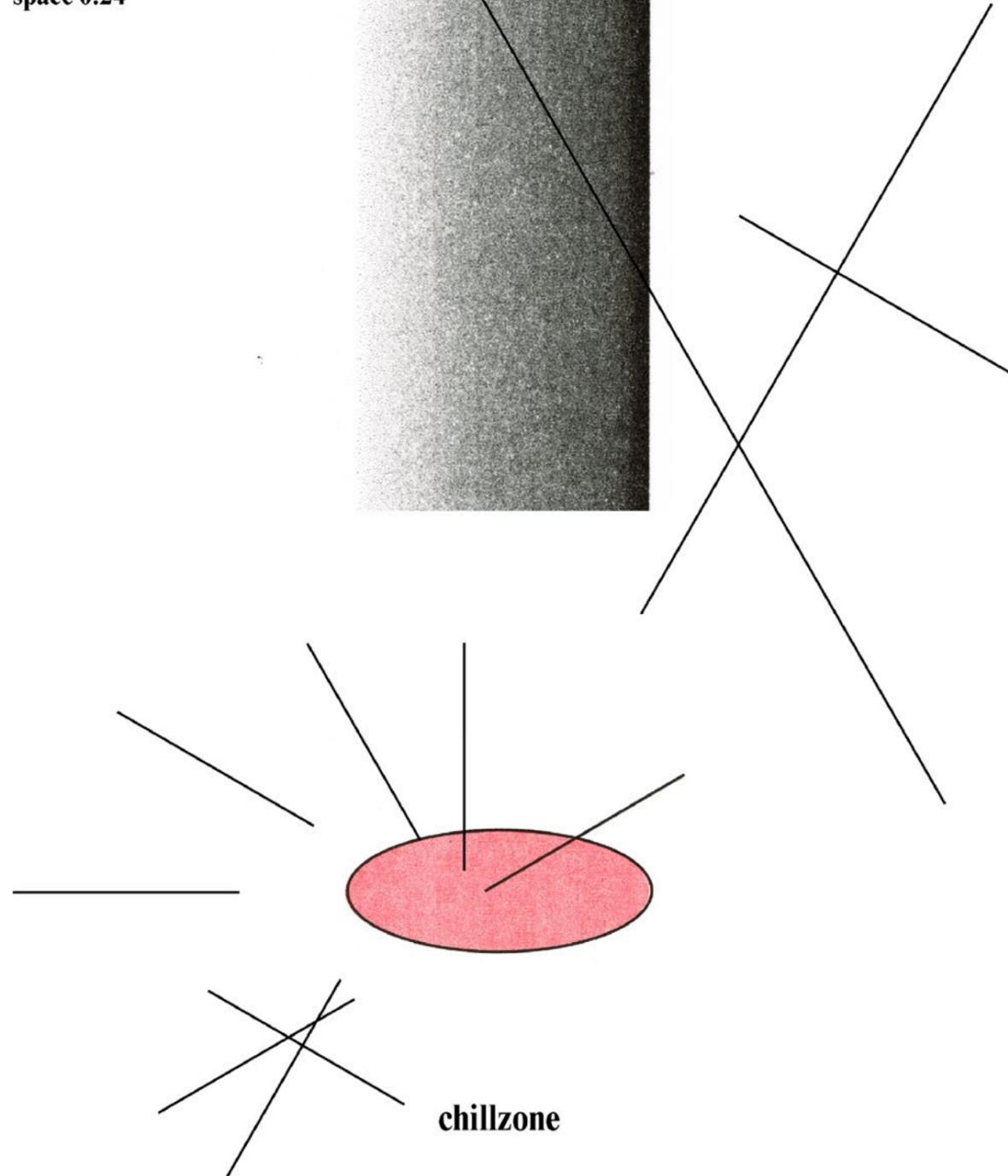
Alongside this presentation, Chillzone is launching the collaborative zine *Evolution of the Dino Nugget*, created together with Joshua Hoogeboom-Noya. The zine playfully and critically traces the journey of the dinosaur — from prehistoric titan to processed food icon — revealing how deep time, industrial design, and cultural memory fold into a single familiar form.



space opening

**tuesday, 8 FEB 2025
18–21h**

**van diemenstraat, 16
space 0.24**



**space opening
tuesday, 8 FEB 2025
van diemenstraat, 16**



THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME

LINKS

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